



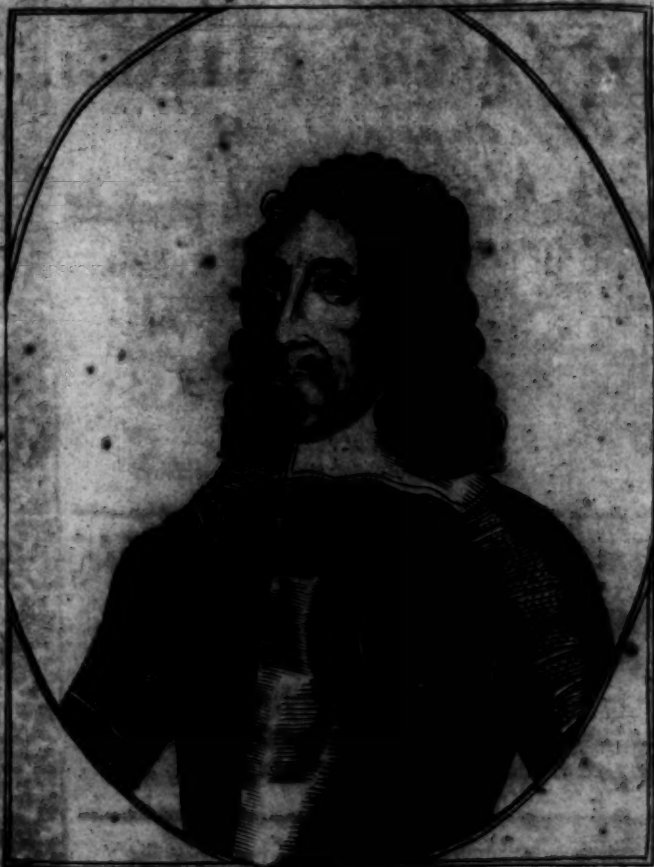
The Right Honourable, Edward Lord Monta-
gue, Baron of Kimbolton, Viscount Mandevile,
Earle of Manchester, And Major Generall of the
Parliament Forces in the associated Countyes,
Norfolke, Suffolke & Essex &c

W. Hollar fecit 1644

I refer to the matters of his letter
to Mr. C. in the order of the Court
to see Gordon as they shall find fit

London 1. February. 1644

Wm. Herbert



The true portraiture of the Right Honourable
Edward Lord Montagu a Baron of Kimbolton Vis-
count Mandevile Earle of Manchester and
Major Generall of the Parliaments Forces in the
Associated Counties Norfolk, Suffolke & Essex &c

Joseph Smith

ENGLANDS
SAD POSTURE;

O R,

A true Description of the present
Estate of poore distressed England,
and of the lamentable Condition of
these distracted times, since
the beginning of this
Civill, and unna-
turall Warr.

Presented to the Right Honourable,
Pious, and Valiant, EDWARD,
Earle of MANCHESTER.

You that have Eye-lids, that can teares distill,
View Englands Posture, and then weep your fill.

LONDON,
Printed by *Bernard Alsop*, and are to be
sold by *Richard Harper*, in *Smithfield*,
at the *Signe of the Bible*.

1644.

ENGLAND
SAD POSTURE

O R
A true Description of the present
State of poor distressed England,
and of the lamentable Condition of
these distressed times, since
the beginning of this
Civil and un-
natural War.

Printed in the Right Honourable
House of Commons, by
JAMES KILPATRICK, Printer.

You that have Eye-sight, that can tears distill,
View England's Posture, and then weep your fill.

LONDON,
Printed by Bernard Alsop, and are to be
sold by Richard Harper, in Smithfield,
at the Signe of the Bible.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
Pious, Valiant, and vigilant, EDWARD
Earle of MANCHESTER, and
Noble Generall, over all the Military
forces in our Eastern, and
associated Counties.



RIGHT Honourable, and
therefore Honourable, be-
cause truly Right, not only
a lover, and practiser, but a
faithfull defender of right.
But that which makes your
fame singular, is that
this vertue in you is so ge-

nerall, that where as all men are by nature, swel-
led to seek their owne right, your Honour hath
engaged, both your Life and Estate, to maintaine
the right of others, yea the right of our King and
Country, nay which is most transcendent, the right
& safety of Gods cause; which is now, by unhappie
occension, in danger to suffer violence: And in this
your uprightness of heart, in defence of the right
of your case, you have hitherto done so rightly and
Nobly, that it cannot appeare in the least part,
that the fairest profusions of reward, nor the fon-
lest

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lest threatenings of revenge, could either draw or drive you to so much as slack your Impartiall hand in these your pious proceedings, much lesse to betray your trust; nor hath envie it selfe, the least motion to cast into you dish, which (Noble Earle) is now more rare then ever; Europ being now in travell to cast some poison into every dish, that is presented on the table of our distempered State, and no doubt hath often abused your Honorable presence in presenting great and grosse Malignants, in disguised habits. And as this to the eie of the world, and to your Eternall praise, doth render you truly Honourable; so it doth happily declare the happinesse we enjoy by enjoying so happie, so vigilant, and so successfull a governour, as your Honorable selfe is, under whom, through the blessing of God, we in these associated Countiees may more truly say, then Turtellius did to Felix, we enjoy much quietness: And seeing by your Honour, worthy deeds are done for your Country, we except it with all thankfulnessse, and alacrity of spirit; being bound to blesse God, for such blessing upon us, and not to cease praying that you may ride on and prosper. Now right Honourable, amongst other these your deep engaged servants, I the most unworthy of the least of your favours, have notwithstanding, presuming on your Clemency, dared to shelter these my deformed shadowes, under the wings of your protecting substance, yet (Noble Earle) no farther then they may be capable of favour, but if in any thing I have erred,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am there at your pleasure, to be corrected. Now in this mishapen picture, I have laboured to offer to your view, and so to the eye of the world, the most deformed forme of our nations, now most miserably miserable estate; out of which tis possible, that your piercing eie may pick somewhat, that may be usefull; but if not, I beseech your Honour to resolve, that my intents herein are honest, and the contents (if we make no other use of them) may at the least tend to our humiliation; they being no other then a glasse, wherein we may see our sins, reflecting upon our selves: and in our present miseries, read our foregoing offences but not any way presuming to instruct, nor too far to trouble your Honour with trifles, I cease in this kind, to be any farther tedious, humbly begging pardon for this my intrusion, and I shall for ever hold it my happinesse to heare of your prosperity; which in spite of all your enemies, the God of all good successe, crowne your Honour with, as he hath begun. So prays

Your humble petitioner

EDWARD CALVER;



THE PREFACE.

THE Title of this Book, doth succinctly, and briefly, comply with the sad condition of the present times; describing the turbulent state of this land, and the many miseries, under which the genius of this Kingdom, doth now growne. Warr hath never seemed sweet to any, but to the unexperienced, who blinded with its florish, and its glory, observe not the Tragical events, that doe attend it. Of all the Warr the Civill is most grevous, where all the obligations of friendship, and Nature, lie cancelled in one anothers blood; while Brothers, and Kindred, destroy one another, by the devouring sword: Religion being traduced to palliat these bloody acts, and trampled down by Malignants and Papists; for the defence wherof our Liberties, and Lawes, we are bound unto the Parliament, to whom we owe our safety and subsistence. This Kingdom doth now stand in a most sad posture; first occasioned by sinne, and now punished by the justice of God, with an unnaturall warr, makeing it swim in a deluge of its owne blood. Every day brings in many sad Demonstrations, concerning this subject, the burning of houses, the pillaging of goods, the violating of all Lawes, both Divine,

THE PREFACE,

vine & Humaine, have bin Arguments written
in blood, by too many swordes. The which is
heer related in the following severall particu-
lers, and Epigrams adjoynd therunto, may be
fitly called Englands sad Postures, or her Glasse
wherein she may behold her sadd distracted
face, her sufferings at this present, being a
compendious mixture of all distresses, endu-
red even from the beginning of this Civill
Warr, which being heer presented unto your
view; I doubt not but that it will finde deser-
ved compassion in the Reader, and move him
to send up his prayers to heaven, that this
bleeding Kingdome, may be once againe esta-
blished in Peace and Truth, as all good men
doe most earnestly desire. This Book being
but a sadd Picture of the miserable calamities
of this Kingdome, drawne out by the hand of
the Author,

E. CALVER,



[illegible]

30

Also called *Englands* and *Pogues*, or *her Glare*

wherein he may be held perished, frustrated

THE CONTENTS.

complicated mixture of all different

44 E. Sioux Building, 400 E. 12th Ave., Minneapolis

44 R. Sims provoking. Gods Anger smothering.
The Emperors ascending. The Kings blood.

Nov. The sword proceeding. The Kingdome bleeding.
 Day King trembling. The Parliament ending.

Qing King tumbling. The Parliament toying.

Religion shaking. Our Lawes now quaking.

Delinquents Plotting. The Papists doing,

Malignants Reviling True Christians Craving.

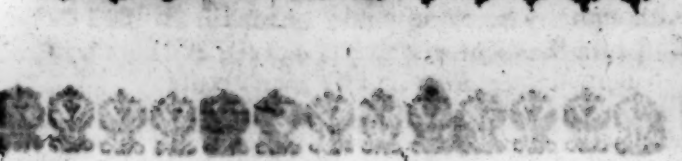
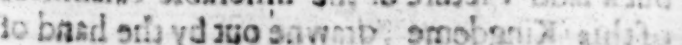
Good people praying. This Author devising

On these sad times, or Epigramatizing.

1990

...more carefully. This book being

For a full picture of the miserable conditions



Our Sinnes provoking.

SIN, I the most prodigious sight indeed,
The Divells offspring, most Infernall seed;
The root of Ruine, death, and Hell and care,
Heavens, how endur'd you, when I acted there?
You spotlesse powers, and I the most defiling,
Could not agree, which caus'd my thence exiling,
But powers Celestiall, could your care in this
Be so precise then, and now so remisse?

My Father did but once offend at first,
And was for ever, sentenced accurst:
But cockerd mankind disobeys you still,
And yet is favour'd, sufferd in his ill.

Looke downe on England, on that divine Eden,
See, how it sursets, on the fruit forbidden,
Nay, with my Father, it aspires the Crowne,
Wherason he doted, oh! then cast it downe.

The Epigram.

Sin, thou hast surely drawne thy picture well,
And justly claim'st thy pedigree from Hell.
Thou and the Divell are so neere allyd,
That where thou aitest, he doth cheifely guide:

Satan that serpent, is indeed thy fire,
And thou his viper art, his chiefe desire,
Although thy hatching (most unhappie birth)
Lost him the comforts, both of heaven and earth.

Sin, thou indeed maist silly man accuse,
That with thy nature, thou shouldst his abuse:
Man, who by nature, in Gods Image shind,
Should in thy Image, now the Divell finde.

But sin, thou Serpent, though thou hast the Art,
To cosen mankind, and accuse him for't;
Accuse not God though, whose proceeding must,
By thy false Father, be acknowledg just.

Gods Anger smacking.

Oh! England England, foolish England, nay
 Thou knowst it, and dost yet reject thy day;
 My goodnesse to thee, is so long exprest,
 Thou surferst with it, thou dost love the taste.
 Nay yet more sordid, more perverse by much,
 Because thou findest my long forbearance such:
 Thou fondly thinkst me like thy selfe no doubt,
 Or else dost judge my eye of justice out.
 Thy sinns, they are ascended, and declare
 Thee so rebellious, that I blush to heare;
 Can so much mercy, be so much withstood?
 Ah, it repents me, I have done thee good.
 Cease then my mercy, thou in vaine art showne,
 And stirr my justice, be to England knowne.
 Those mercies wherein it could finde no taste,
 Now make them long for, or else lay it wast.

The Epigrams.

Lord, Lord, tis true, we must though to our shame,
 Confesse unto the glory of thy Name,
 That England hath been infinitely blest,
 In taking from thee, though returning least.

England hath been like Eden, therein growing
 All frutes delicious, streames of pleasures flowing.
 But oh fond England, thus well streamd and fruited,
 Hath took a surfer, and those streames polluted.

England, must therefore guilty, guilty cry,
 Though England therefore sentenc'd be to dye.
 But its accuser is its foe, nay thine,
 Then see his malice, let thy mercy shine.

But Lord thy justice, must have course tis true,
 But with thy justice, doe thy mercy shewe.
 Sin to thy judgment, England hath subjected,
 Let sin be Rayne for't, England but corrected.

Englands sad Posture.

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The Sword proceeding.

Come, I must rouse now, must no longer rest,
In grosse oblivion, I from heaven am prest.
But is this certaine? yes it is decreed,
My Captaine calls me, I must then proceed.

The Lord of Hosts, now utters his command,
And send commision downe into my hand,
That I to judgment, must proceed in hast,
By taking vengeance, and in laying wast;

Especially in England where I slept
So many late long yeares, in durance kept,
That I through length of time, neglect and dust,
Was quite forgotten, and consumed with rust.
But now I have comission, a decree,
Of Englands follies, to revenged bee.

Of Englands blood, now must I drinke my fill,
And scoure the rust off, with the droppe I spill.

The Epigram.

Infatuate weapon, oh Remorselesse foe,
Thou without pittie, dost thou rigour shewe.
But senselesse England, that thou thus shouldst urge
A God so gentle, to use such a scourge.

England, England, how wilt thou have ease?
This wrath thou canst not in the sword appease;
That raves and rages, as if warrs did choose
To make this Realme, his place of Randevouze.

But sword thou sparst not, car'st not who complaine.
To invoke thee, then is endlesse, vaine.
Alasse for England Lord! tis thus undone;
But thou hast mercy, though the sword hath none.

Lord check the sword then, thou alone hast power;
And sword, though thou hast licence to devour,
And eat up England, must thou drinke the blood
Of Gods owne servants, is not that too good?

Toe

Englands sad Posture,

The Kingdoms bleeding.

Bleeding indeed, alas! my wounds are wide,
The sword makes issues, streames on every side;
Yea, bleed so fully, I to faint beginne,
My heart is wounded, and I bleed within:

Nay bleed not only blood, but tis my griefe,
That I in bleeding can have no reliefe.
No meanes, no Surgeon can be found, hath art,
To stanch my issue, stay my bleeding heart.

Oh sad condition, no salve to applie,
Can stop this currant, must I bleeding die?
Most wretched I then have I such a vent,
So deep a wound, when all my balme is spent.

But foolish England, that I took no heed,
In time of plenty, for a time of need.
I in my health built Castles in the aire,
But now in sicknesse, loe, I now dispaire.

The Epigram.

England, deare England, I must hold thee so,
Deare in my thoughts, though now in deadly woe.
Thy blood must doubtlesse soone be spent indeed,
When in thee almost every vaine doth bleed.

Thy streames run swiftly, not by dropping shed,
But streames are flowing, as if fountaines bled;
Fountaines indeed, as well as Conduits small,
Th'impartiall sword, makes no respect at all.

But oh thou God of England, and of warr,
And eke of peace, where people humbled are.
The sword it selfe is most remorselesse steel,
But yet thy hand that strikes therewith, can feel.

England, then England, seek unto that hand,
That awfull, powerfull, that gave the sword command,
That Lord of all, that God of Hosts indeed;
He orders Battells, only helps at need.

Englands sad Posture.

Our King turmoiling.

You higher powers, can you so knit your brow,
Upon the owner of a Crowne below?
That Charles, whom his dominions should obey,
Should only beare the Scepter, not the sway?

Supremest powers, this may indeed be due,
As my correction, if your hand I view;
But if I view them, whom your just command,
Hath made my subjects, may they Charles withstand?
Unhappie Charles then, but you higher Chaires,
Who have the rule of all Terrene affairs.
Though you, and justly, overrule my Crowne,
Yet give me leave, to keep my subjects downe.

Let from your fountaynes, so much fulnesse spring,
If I command not, I am then no King.
Suits it with Royall dignity, that we
Should subject, to a subjects party be.

The Epigram.

Great King of Kings, who hast the cheife command,
Within whose hand, our Sovereigns heart is spand:
Teach him to pray, for what befits him best,
And then in mercy, answer his request.

Lord, give him wisdom, to discerne his foes,
And then a weapon, to prevaile on those;
And let thy greatnesse, to his grace make deere,
Not men insinuating, but sincere.
And gracious Sovereigne, if poore ashes may,
As for your highnesse, to your highnesse pray.
Esteem not men for acts, in State most fitt,
Who in Religion, never acted yet.

Tis fear'd, that the preferments, the promotion,
Attends on many, takes up their devotion;
And men aspiring, are the least to trust,
Religion, only bindes men to be just.

Englands sad Posture.

Our Parliament toyling.

Sure heauie sequell, very heard-successe,
The Kingdome panting, almost past redresse;
And loe we labour, to redresse the same;
Yea in much perill, and yet paid with blame.

Labour indeed, both night and day we spend,
In tedious study, England to defend:
We neither paines, nor life nor living spare,
Besides the burden of contempt we bare.

Well may we groane then under such a weight,
And we besides, dismembred by deceit.
Nay more, in feeble underneath this lead,
Not only members, but we want our head;

We want our hopes, our hearts desire our King,
Whose presence, had been pretious in this thing.
Unhappie project, that did thus betray,
Both King and Kingdome, stealing him away.

The Epigram.

We reade that learn'd Astrologers approve,
Of certaine houses in the spheres above;
Wherin the Planets, as they doe relate,
Are sure most active; most predominate.

So you our lesser Plannets, here belowe,
Now in your houses, doe your brightnesse shewe.
You in your motions, alwaies gave a light,
But now right center'd, you appeare most bright.

Our Sunne and Moone, are so declined west,
That you our Starrs, are needfull in the East.
Shine then, oh shine then, till your greater light,
Gets from beneath, this Canopy of night.

But lesser Plannets of the greater borrow
Our Sunas declining, therefore breeds yourorrow.
But God the fountaine, whence all light began,
Makes Starrs to shine, in absence of the Sun.

Religion Shaking.

Great God, great guide, and fountaine of all good,
From whence it issues streames into a flood:
Thinke, thinke uppon me, oh thou fountaines head,
I am a drop, which from thy bucket slid.

I am thy offspring, why art thou estrang'd?
Dost thou not know me? Lord am I so chang'd?
But thou know'st all things, then the fault must be,
Not in thy knowledg, but a lasse in me.

I am indeed polluted, and defil'd,
And have so lost the Image of thy child; (ther,
That though thou knowest me, thou maist view me ra-
As a disdaineing, then indulgent Father.

But Lord thou canst not, without sorrow sure,
Thy childs destruction, though defil'd indure.
Clenſe then, oh clenſe me, rather then reject,
Lord doe not ruine, though thou deſt correct.

The Epigram.

Great God and gracious, from whose height indeed,
Doth all the goodnesſe here below proceed;
Amongst the reſt, Religion as the chiefe,
Which calling to thee, cannot want reliefe.

Though now it ſtammers, thou canſt underſtand,
Though now it ſainteth, thou haſt help at hand:
And though thou hear'ſt it, we are bound to call,
For if that ſuffers, we muſt ſuffer all.

And deare Religion, thou that haſt the keyes,
To give us entrance, where all comfort lies.
Oh feare not, feare not, thou ſhalt ſure have aide,
Thy ſuits are granted, though they ſeeme delay'd.

Thou haſt indeed abus'd thy keyes in ſtore,
By fondly trying a forbidden doore.
But now thou ſeeſt, thou wero deceiv'd therein,
And ſeekeſt reforming, thou ſhalt favour win.

Englands sad Posture.

Our Lawes now quaking.

Shaking, and quaking, it is so indeed,
Alas! we shiver, and quiver, like a reed;
Our old injunctions are recalld againe,
Our new prescriptions, held by some as vaine.

We which were wonted to be Englands guide,
Are now so pesterd, pent on every side.

We who should have the sway of all the land,
Condemning others, now condemned stand.

Distracted England, how wilt thou have ease?

Where England wilt thou prove out thy first pleas,

What preservation, canst thou look to have,

What Iustice, when we suffer, that should laye,

Needs must thou England be indeed confusd,

If rules of order may be thus abusd,

If we, which in thee should set all things right,

Be now condemned, or disordered quite.

The Epigram.

England tis certaine, thou hast long been such,
With false proceeding, been abusd too much.

Thy Lawes which should have seen thy life corrected,
Have eyther been corrupted, or neglected.

And therefore England thou must beare the blame,

If now thy Lawes be questioned for the same;

Where justice cannot see true sentence pass,

It will take vengeance, on that Iudge at last.

And you our Lawes, our former Lawes at least,

Which could be both, in earnest, and in jest.

Is it not justice, you should for it pay,

That could be wrested, almost any way?

But Lawes have patience, suffer this a while,

Unrill that justice, scowres away the soile;

And it is hoped (rising from the flaine)

That you new formed, shall keep Court againe.

Delin.

Delinquents plotting.

Come come Complisſes, ſhall wee now obey,
Who were deſtind, and were borne to ſway?
Shall We be checkt, now challengd in our courſe,
Whoſe wills ſo lately were like lawes in force?

See we not how a giddie headed crew
Got with their betters into publick view;
Now take upon them as if cheife of note,
To chardge, examine, judge, condemne, and vote.

Prepoſterous people that were thus miſtake,
What heart ingenious, can ſuch upſtarts brooke?
If by our letters we were apprehended,
We might be ſilent had we ſo offended:

But as theſe upſtarts are but late of ſtanding,
So they we truſt ſhall not be long commanding;
We have we feare not water to ſuffice,
To quench ſuch ſparks as from meeſe aſhes riſe.

The Epigram.

It hath been noted evill will betide,
When Starrs that are held eminent doe glide,
But then moſt evill, or porrending wars;
When thoſe thus gliding are Malignant ſtarrs;

Some ſtarrs are fallen now, we may ſatall call
Starrs too, from higher magnitudes let fall:
And if predictions ever did appeare
In true productions, it is doubteſſe heere.
But you oh you that have been Lights above
Or ſhould have been, ſo, that declined prove,
Could you be, thinke you, from your ſtations throwne,
By a more feeble motion then your owne:
Can judgment in you be through will ſo clouded,
Or reaſon under boyling rancour throwed?
Oh ſhew your wiſdoms, and confeſſe, as fir,
A power Allmightie in it, and ſubmit.

The Papist doring.

True Mother, and yet virgin pure abod,
 Virgin of man, but mother of a God;
 A God indeed, of Iesus Christ thy Son,
 We give thee glory for these hopes begun.

Wee heer in England amongst people blind,
 Have liv'd a long time to our griete confin'd;
 But through thy intercession now we hope
 To finde a doore of more enlargement ope.

Tis true we long time have invok'd thy name,
 And thou we doubt not hast still heard the same,
 And hast our suits presented, but alas!
 Our hour of pennance must run out the glasse.
 But oh ! blest virgin, Queen of heaven, and deare
 To God the Father, cease not to appeare
 For our enlargement, we some comforts view;
 But yet uncertayne, let us finde them true,

The Epigram.

Deluded Papists, that which you report
 Upon our blindnesse, may we not retort
 Into your bosoms, and you justly payd,
 Who thus are praying to the dead for ayd?

What helpe by scripture from such can you finde?
 But in the scriptures you may well be blinde,
 When as the scriptures are conceald, tis sure,
 From most, that to your blindnesse might endure:

You are possessed with a sencelesse Story,
 Which without scripture shewes a Purgatory,
 Wherein the soules of very Saints must be,
 Till by the suits of living men set free.

If thus the living for the dead must pray,
 What can you for the suits of dead men say?
 Fond man, have you no better helpes to claime,
 Your hopes are weake then, and amisse doe ayme!

Malignants Raving.

Oh miserable world what times are here?
 VVhat ever praying, yet no ease appeare?
 Our states consumed, our selves consumed and lost.
 Besides a sea of guiltlesse blood, 't hath cost.

And all forsooth to satisfie some few,
 Some, most precise, or most prodigious crew;
 Or to speake truly, might we speake so farr,
 To helpe to mayntaine a Rebellious warr.

Accurst be those occasion'd our betraying,
 Into this thraldome, what no end of praying?
 And these perfidious Roundheads who so farr
 Doe strive to farther such unnaturall warr.

Is this Religion, you that seem so pure,
 That kill in publike could be so demure?
 Finde you occasion now to vent that spleen,
 VVhich in your bosomes boyled so long unseen?

The Epigram.

Perverse Malignants, if I had the skill,
 Had Art, as I have Inke within my quill,
 I would so paint you, that you in this booke,
 Should finde, and should confesse your are mistooke;

Mistook indeed, could you else so mistile,
 Yea so misceasure, malice, and revile
 Those men whose lives, tis manifestly knowne,
 Have been by odds, more vertuous then your owne?

More vertuous, true tis that you doe envy,
 Because your vices are condemn'd thereby.
 Earth blinded moles, but will you blame the day,
 Because it doth your deeds of night bewray.

Earth blinded, sure this Epithite befits,
 Tis only earth doth thus distract the wits.
 In earthly things did you no damage finde,
 You would remaine as silent men, as blinde;

Good Christians craving.

Sure Lord thy Iustice and thy Mercies strive;
 Thy mercy would have England kept alive.
 Thy Iustice on the other side doth crye
 England is guilty, guilty, let it dye.

Lord canst thou be thus, as it were distrest,
 Because that England will not seek for rest.
 And canst thou England not lament thy fate,
 When God himselfe seems so Compassionate.

Oh England England let our suits make speed,
 That mercy may with Iustice be agreed;
 For it is certaine till there be this peace
 Above, our warrs will not belowe surcease.

But gracious God whose mercy doe appeare;
 Then when thy Iustice seems to domineere;
 Sith England is nor of thee yet forgot,
 Though thou dost scourge it, yet consume it not.

The Epigram.

Heavens helpe you Christians, you are well imployed
 Helpe you to pray, for prayers will provide:
 You are the souldiers in this time of need
 That are most faithfull, and most like to speed;

You are both voluntary, yea and prest,
 Oh ply your place, your Amunitions best.
 You have Rams hornes, whose shrill Ecchoes shall
 Make Rome to totter, Ierico to fall.

Then though your weapons be condemn'd as slight
 Yet be not daunted, but maintaine your fight.
 The noble Captaine in whose cause you stand,
 Can where, and when, and how he list command;
 Then though you dare not in your own strength trust
 Yet call your Captaine, and your conquer must.
 Fight then with comfort, doe not faile therein;
Pray without ceasing, I shall say Amen.

Our Sinnes provoking.

Lord thou with England well mayst be in ire,
Yea be to England a consuming fire.
Its sinns are greivous, very Sodome like;
Sure the are full Lord, it is time to strike.

Fulnesse of bread, much idlenesse and pride,
Were Sodoms sinns, but therefore Sodome died.
England in all these hath polluted been,
Shall England live then? Lord repay its sinn.
Thou didst indeed great Ninivy forbear,
But it repented Ionah being there.

Thou hast to England many Ionahs sent,
But drowfie England doth not yet repent.

Nay England hath thy messengers abus'd,
Contemnd thy Message, thy commands refus'd;
Profayn'd thy Sabbath; nay tis come to passe,
That England once more falls in love with Masse.

Tb: Epigram.

Thy accusations sinne, are sure too just,
And what with sorrow we acknowledg must,
That we have nothing to thy charge to lay,
But only this that thou didst us betray.

Thou didst allure us till the baite we took,
But now dost wound us kill us with the hook:
Most subtle fisher, but most simple wee,
Who in thy baites, could not our baine foresee.

But England England let us be more wise,
See here the cause from whence our cares arise.
This is indeed that deadly darling foe,
Which both betrays us and consumes us so;
This is that viper in our bowells bleeding,
Which whiles we suffer, on our soule lyes feeding:
To kill this bratt then, only can doe good,
To stop this vent, can only staunch our blood.

Gods Anger smocking.

Ah foolish England, hadst thou but confest
Thy faults in time, thou mightst have been at rest:
But as thou long time hast been luke-warme cold,
Thou hast of late been desperately bold.

But though thou wouldst nor, yet did I lament thee,
And in my mercy many warnings sent thee;
Besides examples of my wrath for sin,
VVhich pointing at thee, from all parts have been.

I put my spirit of fore-telling harmes
Upon thy teachers, who have sought by charmes,
Both by entreaties, and by threats to win,
Or to awake thee from thy sleep in sin:

But thou hast counted their reports untrue,
False teachers therefore justly are thy due:
That through delusions, as it is ensuing,
Thou mightst be seal'd up to thy utter ruine.

The Epigram.

Great God of Europe, God of England then,
Though we have set up other Gods therein;
Thou dost most justly charge us, nay tis much
That thy forbearance, hath so long been such.

Been such indeed, we long have sinnd, but stil
Thou seemdst to winck, although we knew thy will.
VVe had thy word, still sounding in our eares,
VVhich though we loath'd still, still thou didst for-
Nothing could urge thee, till we took in hand (bear's,
To set up Dagon where thy Arke should stand;
To set up Idolls in thy name and place,
And bowd before them to thy very face.

But this hath urgd thee once more to a flood,
At least in England, and that too of blood;
But when this deludge, shall have washt this land,
Lord rest thy Arke heer, let nor Dagon stand.

The Sword proceeding.

Proceed: tis certaine, how can I be still;
When God himselfe hath given mee charge to kill;
Can I, suppose you, in my Scabbard rest,
And am by such an awfull Captaine prest?

But I have further summons in this thing;
England, I have a warrant from thy King,
From awfull, powerfull, angry Charles besides,
Within whose keeping much command abides;

He is offended at the very heart,
And hath commanded I should take his part.
Then England doe not blame me as unkinde,
Though I consume thee, beeing thus enjoyn'd:

No no, but England, wouldst thou have release,
Thou must with God then, and thy King make peace;
For till they stay me by a new command
I must not, will not, cannot, stay my hand.

The Epigram.

Thou sword of England, thou hast truly sayd,
Thou canst not spare us till thy hand be stayd,
That to accuse thee were but to encrease
Thy fury rather then our feares release;

But sword of England though thou hast a charge,
To drink in England, is the same so large,
And so unbounded, that it hath no tye,
But thou must drink heer till thou drink us drye?
If it be so, then England is accurst;

But if some part sword, may aswage thy thirst:
Then shew this Kingdome, since thou must have blood
Drink the corrupted, so thou mayst doe good.

But oh thou God of England, who hast sent
This bloody weapon, for our punishment:
Alasse it oft, too often doth mistake,
Then guide, or steele it, for thy mercies sake.

The Kingdoms bleeding.

My dissolution must be doublelesse neere,
 All tokens of my fatall change appeare;
 Bleeding and fainting, gasping yea and dying,
 If that some hand be not some help applying.

My late cheefe comfort in distresse my God,
 In my distresse, now whippes me with his rod.
 My Forts, my Holds, my Castles tumbling downe,
 Nay more my King, endangering a Crowne.
 My face looks pale, where beauty late sat glowing,
 My brest are emtie whence late streams were flowing,
 My young men slaine, my virgins drownd in teares,
 My songs of pleasure turn'd to fights and cares;
 Where Musick sounded, Bells did sing before,
 Now Drums are beating hideous Cannons roare;
 My friends and lovers doe amazed wring
 There helpelesse hands, my foes rejoyce and sing.

The Epigram.

Sad posture sure, a spectacle wherein
 Wee may behold the image of our sinn.
 Lust hath conceived, brought forth sin, and loe
 Sin in conclusion brings forth death and woe.

But bleeding England could we, it is true,
 Have bled in teares for these our sins, as due,
 The streames of blood which doe increase so high,
 Had been by teares distill'd, in time put by.

Our Sins and want of sorrow for the same,
 Were then the cause from whence this deluge came.
 Unhappie men that we could not descry
 Our want of bleeding, when our eyes were dry.
 But England, England, is it yet too late?
 Cannot our teares yet this same flood abate?
 Oh! let us trie it, teares have still done good,
 In deepest dangers, why not then stanch blood?

Our King tirmoyling.

Oh heavie, heavie what a weight I beare?
Are Royall Septers swaid with so much care?
Are these the Glories and delights that waite
Upon a Septer, priz'd at such a height.

I am by sacred providence a head,
But here lies that now which doth presse like lead
Those tender members which from me take life,
Are with themselves now, and with me at strife.

My subjects who are so my members deare.
They some seduce me, others domineere;
And almost all my members goe about
To let each others dearest blood run out.
Think you a head then can be free from aking,
Whose members, heart, vaines, are thus bleeding,
(breaking.

The Epigram.

Deere and dread Sovereigne, and our Sun belowe,
As from your highnesse beames of brightnesse flowe;
So beames of life to us that lie beneath,
And we without you very faintly breath.

If such a sunne may under shaddowes rest,
Well may your subjects be in sackcloth drest.
Unhappie straite, then wherto you are brought;
Oh that we could lament it as we ought.

The sillie subjects for a conquest straine,
But still you loose, which side soever gaine;
And yet your Highnesse doth not seeet redrest,
Because uncertaine who advise you best.
Indeed dread Sovereigne men of deepest witt,
Most neere, most deare, most farr, may faile, but yet
It were a wonder, England never knew,
If Parliaments should not to Kings be true.

Our Parliament toyling.

Most gracious Sovereigne, under whose command,
 Next under great Iehovahs charge, we stand.
 Your grace hath put us, with a charge in trust,
 We then were Traytors, should we not be just.

When we enjoyd your Royall presence heere,
 And you indeed were in your proper sphere:
 You then condemnd such lesser lights as had
 Abusd there stations, running retrograde.

But now thy presence is from us withdrawne,
 Those satall starrs upon your highnesse fawne,
 And would perswade it too by warrs:
 We are but commets, they your fixed starrs;

But your conjunction with them doth declare,
 By the effects produced what they are.
 Your Kingdoms all to blood, and death subjected,
 Which could not be so, were you well affected.

The Epigram.

Great counsel you may well recount your cares,
 And stead of inke, may sum them up in teares;
 That such a Court should in such danger stand,
 As hath been such a Pillar to the land:

Yet be not daunted, sith the cause is good,
 Vertue shines cleereest, when tis most withstood.
 You were elected by a publike call,
 What private aimes, can then your acts forestall?

Had you been guilty in some haynous matter,
 You might like others, have been forc'd to flatter;
 But Being guiltlesse, feare not falsehood sowne,
 By such as therby, would excuse their owne.
 Although our Sovereigne, may a while be held,
 By false suggestions, Lies at length will yeeld;
 And then the truth, shall be our Sovereigns guide,
 To prove them drossie, but you the gold that's ride.

Religion Shaking.

Well may I rotter, as if feaver taken,
When thus my pillars are remov'd, and shaken;
Needs must I tremble, as most like to slide,
When my upholders, are so much envid,

The world indeed is with me at defiance,
Because I with her must not have compliance,
Because I may not with her greatnesse doate.
Ten thousand swords are drawne to cut my throate,

Besides the many stabbs and wounds I take,
By such as on me a meer cloake doe make:
Whiles others turne me to as many terrours,
By rending me in peeces into errours.

Poore, true Religion how am I distressed,
The world growes troubled, if I seem to rest.
Am I become a burden to the same,
Heav'n call me home then thither, whence I came.

The Epigram.

Most deare Religion, and of Heaven by birth,
Canst thou be persecuted thus on earth.
Hath the old serpent not forgot his spleen,
Which in thy tender infancy was seen?

No, no, that serpent Sathan prince of Hell
Is now become a Dragon, and most fell;
And steed of spleen, pursues thee with a flood,
To overwhelm thee, and that too of blood.

But deare Religion heer lies thy repose,
The Earth shall drink this Ocean up, thy foes
And thou shalt finde, in times of most distress,
A hiding place, though in the wilderness.

Then deare Religion, if that England may,
Not once againe be happie in thy stay:
Oh yet dispaire not, God will sure prepare
A bidding for thee, though some other where.

Our Lawes now quaking.

Tis then no marvell, sure you need not wonder
To see the Kingdome thus lie sighing under
So much distemper, and distresse when we
That should conforme all, thus confounded be.

Needs must the building of a state decay,
When thus you take its principalls away.
While such as gloried in our happie state,
Are now bewayling there unhappie fate.

Late active servants we lament to see
How slowe you move now, and how sadd you bee;
Your heavie looks doe cypher your distresse,
Our sorrowes for you can be sure no lesse.

But if our Courts and cases now adjourn'd,
Shall into course be once againe return'd;
Wee shall we doubt not prove our actions true,
And finde in fine, both cost and dammage due.

The Epigram.

You upright lawes of either Church or State,
If there be any thus passionate?
You have no reason to complaine I trust,
It is not you are blam'd, but the unjust:

The course it may be, may awhile be staid,
But upon meer necessity delaid;
And if once opportunity befor't,
You shall have freedome and againe keep Court.

But if some upstart evill Courts enjoin'd,
Be unto a perpetuall sleep confin'd.

It is but Iustice, nor were you to grutch,
If many of your servants sleep as much;

It was indeed your officers that long
Have made you thought corrupted, done you wrong,
Nor is it law but lawyers, that are ment,
When men deluded bitter language vent.

Delinquents Plotting.

Feare not Complices we shall have successe,
All happie tokens promise us no lesse.
Our sunn is risen in our parts, which way
Can we then feare but we shall have the day?

Nay more our Sun doth in his strength appeare,
And is attractive both from farr and neere,
Our Moone besides is at her full you see;
What sadd then, or what suddayne change can bee?

Let us not then be idle, our designes
Can only prosper while our Sun thus shines;
If any objects seek to interpose,
Let us perswade our Sun they are his foes.

This is the project let it be maintain'd,
We have already so much vantage gain'd
By this invention, as indeed imparts,
That we besides this, need no other Arts.

The Epigram.

Delinquents? No you doe desie the name,
Indeed it may be your deny the same:
But sith our States discover you uncleere;
How dare you then before our Sun appeare?

But this doth shew your want of wisdom most
That you can upon meer confusion boast
And promise to your selves a world of blisse,
From signes that doe decypher all's amisse.

Our sun is risen In your parts we say,
And therefore doubtless you must have the day:
Because our Sun is risen in the west,
Which is a wonder; are you thus posselt
Most fond Delinquents: this doth either threat,
That Englands darknes shall indeed be great
For still the East hath shewn our day begun;
And if that failes us sure our day is done.

The Papist doting.

Sure this befits us, heere we comfort finde,
If these delinquents may but have their minde:
So we assist them now, to worke it out,
They will consent as farr to us no doubt.

Lets not be sparing then in this designt,
But lets endeavour willingly to joyne,
And freely venter what we have in store;
And if that faile us, let us send for more.

Our holy Father, from our Mother Rome,
Can send Comission, that releefe shall come;
Yea from all parts, upon the earth, that lyes
Within his confines, which will sure suffice.

We from experience heere have comfort growing
By ayde already, from all quarters flowing;
Especially our brethren from the west,
Which still com swimming, in bright armour drest.

The Epigram.

Presumptuous Papist, can you boast heerin,
Indeed you alwayes have deluded been,
And are so strongly Catholike in will,
You think Religion, to remayne so still.

Could you a building else suppose to reare,
Upon such grownd-works as Delinquents are.
To see Romes Scepter in our Realme beare sway,
From hopes of such uncertaine helps as they.

Indeed your ghostly Father in his seate,
Hath guld a long time, by delusions grear;
And in this Kingdome hath ere now appear'd
A God, though like a tyrant domineer'd;

But his deceits, and Tyranny I trust,
Have heere been prov'd so cruell and unjust,
That Charles, who justly doth enjoy our Crowne,
Will never let the Miter sway it downe.

Malignants Raving.

Prodigious miseries 1 is this the day,
For which we longd so long, and did so pray;
Are thus our burdens, where we were oppressd,
Our wrongs, and woes by Parliament redrest.

Unhappie Parliament, it must be soe,
When you release not, but increase our woe.
You talke of ease, but wee feel greater paines,
You promise freedome, but we finde them chaines.

You cannot be contented with our treasure,
And threatens too with prisons at your pleasure,
But you will have our lives too in your hand,
To sell away like bond-slaves at command.

You force us to a fight, wherein each brother,
Must upon paine of hanging, kill each other,
And ruinate the land, yet through pretence,
So to procure our Kings, and lands defence.

The Epigram.

Monstrous productions, in our dayes indeed;
And you Malignants, that abortive seed,
Could you else thus like vipers kill, or worse;
Your faithfull, painefull, tender hearted nurse?

No, Kings and Queenes, are nurses you will say,
And so doe I, but this hath been there way;
A Parliament hath still, determin'd how:
And so our Sovereigne hath given order now.

But loe our sinns have sold us for a spoile,
And now our King is taken in the wile.
Will you then count our Parliament unjust,
Because they stand out to maintaine their trust?
Deluded and Malignant spirits right,
Both against vertue, and your selves to fight.
You say this Court is causer of your ruine,
When tis your sinns, that are you thus persuing.

Good

Good Christians craving.

Great God who didst good Hezekiah heare,
 When Rabshekah was railing without feare:
 Though some against thy just corrections spurne,
 Yet heare their sighs whose bowells truly yerne:

Lord thou maist justly make our judgments worse
 When, though some pray, yet many more doe curse,
 And call for vengeance with a voice more high,
 Then thy poore servants can for mercy cry.

This Lord, we feare, yea finde it so indeed,
 Or else thy sword sure should not thus proceed,
 Were thou not more and more incens'd by some.
 Thy servants suits could not still emptie come.

But Lord, thou canst both ease thy servants groans,
 And canst restraine the wickeds rage at once,
 Lord doe thy mercy, and thy strength make cleer,
 Rebuke the wicked, shew thy Saints are dear.

The Epigram.

God speed you Brother, prosper your designe,
 And hold your hands up, they may not decline:
 You act the posture, which got once the field
 When Israel made Amalick to yeeld.

Some boast how keyes given Peter can prevaile,
 But you have keyes, set Peter out of Gaile.
 Oh turne those keyes then, make the bolts to flie,
 Where Pauls, and Peters, now in durance lie.

You have the balsom, let it out be pour'd,
 By which King Hezekiah was restor'd.
 You have the only successe in your hand,
 Oh ! offer it up then, it may heale the land:

Nay you have valiant Ioshua's command,
 Where at the sun did both returne, and stand.
 Our Sun's declin'd but promiseth no morning,
 Oh ! that you could intreat us his returning.

Our Sinnes provoking.

Unhappie England, that too late begins,
To see thy follies, and to blame thy sinnes,
Canst thou accuse us now, thou feelst it smart?
Who hast untill now, hug'd us at the heart.

Lord judge between us, we are but the seed,
This land hath long sown, and still sowes indeed,
Shall we be blam'd then, as in all the fault;
Lord, this shewes plainly, England still doth haule.

Nay Lord, this Kingdome deales with thee as ill;
Thou long hast tild it, but tis barren still,
Or rather more unnaturall and grosse;
Thou sowst good seed, but it doth bring forth drosse.

Canst thou then, canst thou be indulgent yet,
To such a land, too, as doth all forget?
Under thy mercies fruitlesse, and ungrate,
Under thy judgments, but equivocate.

The Epigram.

Sin wounded England, let us see our shame;
Wounded, deep wounded, but who did the same,
Who were the bloody authors of this deed?
Here, here, we quarrell, here we cannot read.

Surely nor any can this blame refuse,
But yet we one another doe accuse;
Some few, indeed confesse it was our sin,
But few, or none, will see our selves therein.

Oh foolish England, can we we feel it smart,
And can confesse too, tis our due desert?
Yea beg for ease, would faine have healing wrought,
Yet will will not lay the plaister where it ought.

We would have ease and peace, but will not see
Our hearts within us, out of order bee;
And they're the wounds, which must be search'd, be-
We can expect, the healing of our sore,

Gods Anger smoking.

England thou hast held such tidings vaine,
As told thy sinns did at my throwne complaine;
But now thou seest they have assum'd that place,
Yea dare accuse thee to thy very face.

Could not my mercies melt thee into teares?
Nor yet my threatning sink into thy eares?
Nor ought awake thee, till thou heardst the drum,
Which beats thy executioner is come.

Nay, yet thou dost not, as thou shouldst doe, quake;
Thou dost but slumber, art not yet awake;
But under such a letergie dost lie,
That it is justice, thou shouldst sleeping die.

Art still unfruitfull underneath my word?
Art still unhumbled, nuderneath my sword?
Art still revolting? England, then I must
Be still in judgments, or I were unjust.

The Epigram.

Iust God, and powerfull, gracious too with all,
Or else weak mankinde's comfort were but small.
Were not thy justice, and thy strength at one
With thy compassions, Mankind were undone.

But, Lord, thou gracious simpothysing hast,
Thy justice, of thy mercies, hath a tast,
And justice, doubtlesse, never is prevailing,
But mercy stands by, at the least, bewailing.

Then drowisie, drowisie England, are we sleeping,
When mercy for us stands by justice weeping?
Can we be carelesse, tearelesse here below?
When heav'ns do thus bewaile our overthrow?

But gracious Father, whiles thy wrath is burning,
Sith thus thy mercies over us are yerning;
Mercy and justice, doth in thee combine,
Oh! let thy mercies, in thy justice shine.

The Sword proceeding.

England, as I have licence from thy God,
And as thy King commands me as his rod,
So I have likewise, a commission sent,
For my assistance, from your Parliament;

They writ unto me they are sore distressed,
And that thou England, art so much oppressed,
That if I be not speedily persuing
To thy assistance, all will come to ruine;

Your goods, your lands, your liberties, your King;
Nay, your Religion, a most pretious thing,
Are all in danger, ready to be lost,
Or into gulfes, of deep confusion tost.

England, thou wilt not blame me then, I hope,
When I am drawn forth, by this threefold rope;
Canst thou account that ill done at my hands,
Which God, and King, and Parliament commands?

The Epigram.

Sword, thy Commission it is large indeed, (bleed,
Needs must thou wound, and needs must England
Our God, our King, our Parliament commanding;
Alasse poore England, what can be withstanding?

England, our sinns, have forc'd our God to wrath,
Our God, he drawne his sword of vengeance hath,
His sword is fallen into our Sovereigns hand,
Yea meets moreover, with a third command.

England, then let us, let us see our thrall,
Our sinns are the Originall of all,
Our sinns have made our God to wrath inclin'd,
And God hath all our miseries injoyn'd.

Let us no longer then such shifts invent,
To charge our King, or blame our Parliament:
But let us wisely, lay the blame on those
Our deadly sinns, the cause of all our woes.

Our Kingdom bleeding.

Alasse, I bleed, but bleeding doth no good,
 Because I doe not bleed in teares, but blood;
 Yet I must bleed, the wounds are made so deep,
 And teares denyd me, I in blood must weep.

VVell may I bleed, although I bleed in vaine,
 To see so many valiant souldiers slain;
 To see my lawes and freedoms at this strait;
 To see and feel my dangers, at this height:

Nay more, my King distressed, by betraying;
 His subjects sore distracted in obeyings;
 Yea those his subjects, which I finde most loyall,
 Proclaimed Rebels, under the name Royall:

Besides Religion, that doth lye at stake;
 Must I not bleed, to see Religion shake?
 Dear, true Religion, without which no doubt,
 My dearest blood, had long ere now run out.

The Epigram.

The tender grape, which without pressing flowes,
 Is like the child, obeying without blowes.
 But England, this thy bleeding for thy sin,
 Cannot commend thee, having forced bin.

Commend thee? no, but yet it mend thee might,
 Couldst thou at length, yet make use of it right.
 The blood of children, which the rod doth draw,
 Makes some for ever, stand the more in awe.

Bleeding sometimes, doth life it selfe preserve,
 In some diseases, nothing else will serve;
 He is most skillfull, that thy vaines hath strook;
 And in thy bleeding, doth for healing look.

Then doubtlesse, till he, who hath let thee blood
 Doth see thy bleeding, doth doe thee some good,
 He will not stanch it; England then take heed;
 Thou must grow better, or else dying bleed.

Our King turnoyling.

Distressed Charles ! can any heart conceit,
A King can rest, and pent in such a strait?
Our rights, our Realms, our subjects, Crown, and all;
Some mourne, some torne, some totter, like to fall.

But that which most our Royall heart doth break,
Is that our subjects, should us so mistake,
As to imagine, we have an intent,
To change Religion, which we never ment.

Cannot the word be taken of our grace?
Nor Protestations, of a King take place?
Hard hearted people, or with lyes possest,
To be thus doubtfull, where we faithfull rest.

But know fond subjects, they that doe perswade
That we regard not such a promise made,
Doe but possesse you with deceits unknott,
So to erect some projects of their owne.

The Epigram.

Dread Sovereign, when the Sunns Eclipse we know
The world doth suffer, darknesse comes below,
Can then you suffer, Englands Sun, and we,
Your silly subjects not distracted be?

Great King, we cannot nay beleewe that those,
VVhom you, misguided, doe misse-judge your foes,
More sorrow for you, reckon you more deare,
And pray more for you, then some draws more near.

Only, deare soveraigne, that which is your care,
That is, indeed, your loyall subjects feare,
Change of Religion, only this, then see,
Are those most Rebels, that thus carefull be?

Oh that your highnesse, could this cloud dispell,
Indeed your greatnesse hath protested well,
But men Religious, do so deeply groan,
That some suspect, you bear not rule alone.

Our Parliament toyling.

Oh froward people, or unhappie we,
 That from you can thus ill rewarded be,
 We seek your safety as our soules to save,
 And yet some murmur, some mistrust, some rave,
 And dare accuse us as the cause of all
 These warrs, these judgments, death and thrall,
 For had we, say they, curb'd Ambitious will,
 These hidious warrs, had long ere now been still.
 But, howsoever, thus your spleen to vent,
 You dare to utter, what we never ment;
 Yet God, our conscience, and good christians know,
 You pay us hatred, for the love you owe;
 Which God we trust, will make ere long be seen:
 But in the meane time, though you vent your spleen,
 It shall not dant us, in our charge in trust,
 Having such witnesse, that our cause is just.

The Epigram.

Most Noble Champions, valiant Capitaines sure,
 Who in such onsets, thus resolv'd indure:
 Who would not freely venture, on that side,
 Where the Commanders, are thus faithfull try'd?
 Could the reproaches, of malignant spight,
 Could multitudes, against a few to fight;
 Threats, smiles, or losses, have your minds perverted,
 You had, like some, this case ere now deserted:
 But none of these, nor ought that might resist,
 Could either draw, or drive you to desist,
 Or yeeld to such conditions as you thought
 Would by such yeelding, be too deerely bought.
 But some dare say, you fight against your King,
 But I dare say then, you lament the thing:
 But can they justly say so in this case
 When you fight for him, to redeeme his grace?

Religion Shaking.

Oh ! England, England wilt thou let me goe?
Canst thou be blinded in thy judgment soe?
Let me \gg alas, instead of all remorse,
Thou art in Armes, to drive me out by force.

Thou hast already into corners pent me,
As if thou hast a full commission sent thee,
From some infernall powers, would domineer,
To worke my utter extirpation heere.

But England, England, ope thy eyes more wide,
I may have worth, thou hast not yet descry'd;
Thy God is with me, I am his, he mine,
Where I goe, he goes, we in one doe joyne.

Wilt thou then England, drive me out indeed,
Because that Hell, or Rome, hath so decreed?
When my departure, shall thy selfe betray,
And drive (besides) thy God of peace away?

The Epigram.

Deare, deare Religion, from whose breasts, indeed,
We draw the milke, which succours, most at need:
Succours in want, in war, in sicknesse, thrall,
In death, in judgment, succours soule and all.

Can we that have so many yeares been nourish'd,
And in thy Armes so tenderly been cherish'd,
Prove now abortives, bastard like, or worse,
And seek to bannish, such a tender nurse?

England, then England, this no doubt hath bin
A mightie aggravation of thy sin;
That this true Mother, many yeares unknowne,
Hath suckled Infants, which were not her owne.

Were we not false borne, or begot indeed,
But of this Mother, true descended seed,
Could we become so cruell, as to see,
Our Mother bannish'd, sure it could not be?

Our Lawes now quaking.

Sure we must perish; more then suffer now,
 What else in reason, can you hence allow?
 When such as on our safetic, should agree,
 Betwixt themselves, now, at most discord bee.

Those fountains, where we had our issues granted,
 Are now so seald up, nothing can be vented;
 Or if some little courrents, breake away,
 They run too weakly, to beare wonted sway. (vent,

Oh then you Fountaines, where should we have
 Give us more vigor, by your joynt consent;
 For if you keep us thus confin'd, confusion
 Is likely to be our, and your conclusion.

But this were dreadfull, you that are the eie,
 To see all order'd, under lock and key;
 And we your keepers, to make all things fast,
 Should, through confusion, loose our selves at last.

The Epigram.

You lawes thus quaking, which decyphers sure,
 You have been faulty, how can you endure,
 To see your chang now, and within the same,
 The heavie charge is laid unto your shame?

It is reported you have winckd at sin,
 And in your judgment, oft corrupted bin;
 That gold hath been so pretious in your sight,
 That judgment dazel'd, where it glister'd bright.

That poore mens cases, could not please your care,
 Because your wisdoms, did their purses feare,
 That either favour, fees, or force thereby,
 Hath made you constant in inconstancy.

Nay tis reported, you have banishd some,
 And courted more, because precise become.
 Then in your conscience you must needs confesse,
 Tis time in conscience, you should have redresse.

Delinquents Plotting.

Up Noble spirits, let us now be stirring,
Let us not venture all yet by demurring;
But let us strike now, whiles the iron's hot,
For now, or never must the day be got;

Our force increaseth, and doth still prevaile,
Our foes grow weaker, and doe daily faile,
We have already, such an un-set given them,
As hath, you see it, into corners driven them;

Indeed they dote of comfort in the Scots,
But we, we feare not, shall prevent their plots,
And if they faile them, as they doe begin,
They will grow quickly miserable men:

The Scots have promised (to prevent this thing)
That they will never goe against their King,
But, though some few may this their faith deny,
The greater part, may put the lesser by.

The Epigram.

Hold, hold, Delinquents, boast not you too fast,
You doe conclude, as if all feare were past,
And you already had the day, no lesse,
Delinquents use not to have such successe.

But, to speake truly, as indeed you ought,
What you have gaind yet, is but dearly bought;
And though of conquest, you can boast it out,
To gull the simple, it is yet in doubt;

Nay, whatsoever you have others shown,
You yet have no acquittance of your own,
But guiltie, doe as Iudas did in this,
Betray your Master, with a deadly kisse.

And for the Scots, of whom you dare to vant,
As if they did a Christian feeling want.
They to their Sovereign, will be true, we know,
Yet not adhear unto Delinquents though;

The Papist plotting.

Come Christian Catholikes, our case is good,
 And many yeares, yea hundred yeaxes hath stood,
 And still shall stand, indeed how should it fall?
 Built on a Rock, as Christ did Peter call:

And though this land, this fatall land of late
 Hath curbd our case, and us by act of state;
 Yet both the first, and most of Englands Kings,
 Have shrouded under our Religions wings.

And for the present, though we dare not say,
 Our King is for us, yet our Queen we may,
 And though she seeks not to usurp his Crowne,
 Yet where she smiles, we trust he will not frowne.

Deare Queens of England, you have shown good
 Except some few, to our Religion still. (will
 And sure her Highnesse, who doth meetly see
 So neer His grace, wil not our case forget.

The Epigram.

Oh! Royall Mary, one of Englands pearles,
 And set within the signet of our Charles;
 Yea sealed in the center of His heart;
 Though you possesse it, doe not it pervert.

Dread Sovereigne, pardon I beseech your Grace
 Though I speake rudely, and before your face:
 Many good subjects, thousands, as I heare,
 Are jealous of you, doe some danger feare.

But Oh, what feare they? Oh deare Queen tis this
 That you should cause our King to doe amisse,
 To change Religion, if not, goe about,
 To race his deare profest Religion out.

But Gracious Soyeraigne, let there not be seen,
 Such spots as these are, in so faire a Queen,
 But make your subjects, who have hearts thus shaken
 Unto their comfort, finde they are mistaken.

Malignants Raving.

Great King, whose praises do through Europe ring,
Of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland King,
And still defender of the Christian faith;
What ever damn'd precise rebellion saith.

O! that your Highnesse knew our loyall hearts,
Who now lie pent up in disloyall parts;
We are, indeed, inforc'd to aide your foes,
But know dread Sovereign, this doth work our woes,

If we resist, they curb us at their pleasures,
Command us, yea and rob us of our treasures;
And force us off, through their infernall spight,
To speake them faire, as if their cause were right.

But were your Highnesse, and your forces heer,
You soon should see our loyall hearts appear;
And know deare Sovereigne, it our care hath bin,
And Still continues, how to let you in.

The Epigram.

Great and deare Sovereigne, I your Grace beseech,
Be not misled, thus by Malignant speech,
Build not upon such bare foundations laid;
Your Throne will stagger, if no better staid. (mand,
Your Throne, dread Sovereigne, and so your com-
In righteousnesse established will stand,
The wisest King that ever raignd, hath said it,
And woe be to those wretches, have betraid it.

Great King, and gracious, be resolv'd that those,
We call Malignants, ha' been vertues foes,
Scarce one of many, ever understood
To have been zealous, any way for good. (pound,
Heavens curb them then, that to your Throne pro-
Such props as these are, which were never found;
And in much mercy, let your Highnesse see
Your Throne by vertue must establishd bee.

Good

Good Christians craving

Oh! thou preserver of mankind give care;
 Thou God of Abraham, God of England heare,
 We have thy promise, that thou wilt draw nigh,
 In times of trouble, if we to thee cry;

We call upon thee, wee beseech thy ayde,
 Thou didst heare Abraham, when he to thee prayd,
 And in much mercy, answerd him therein,
 To save a City, for the sake of ten.

Lord, looke on England, sure there thousands bee,
 That unto Baall, never bow'd the knee;
 Thine owne deare servants, who doe dayly stand,
 Before thee weeping, for this woefull land.

Thy servants suits, are powerfull in thine cares,
 And thou dost surely bottle up their teares.
 Lord let thy spirit of compassion move
 Them on those waters, and their suits approve.

The Epigram.

Lord God of Hosts, are Englands sinns so great,
 That pardon for them, no meanes can intreat?
 What not thine own, and dearest servants cryes,
 But still unanswered, England bleeding lyes?

Sure, surely Lord, thy servants cries are heard,
 Although their suits, may be a while deferred;
 Thou canst as well, from being God decline,
 As canst surcease, from being good to thine.

Oh then you servants of the Lord proceed,
 Call, cry, and spare not, God will help at need;
 It may be that your backwardnesse in praying,
 Hath been some reason, God is thus delaying.

Gods anger greatly, doth against us rage,
 Which will not, without great intreaties swage.
 And you are they, and only they indeed,
 Whom God will heare, whose suits, are like to speed;
 Then cry, cry strongly, never was more need.

The Neuter Temporizing.

Ere my Pensell let this picture goe,
 There is a Neuter must not scape me so,
 Though I confesse, I did till now, not mind him,
 Nor is it easie, as he is, to finde him:
 To finde him; no, fond fugitive indeed,
 He knowes not where to finde himselfe at need:
 So vaine, and so inconstant, that each winde,
 Transports the man into another minde;
 Indeed he moves not by his soule, but sense,
 And so both affecteth, and resolves from thence,
 From which it comes, that in these times of teare;
 He is not led by reason, but the care.
 The care indeed, for that he makes his guide;
 But see thereby, to what the state is tied:
 Now when a christian should be like a rock,
 And rest unmov'd, he's right a weather-cock,
 And cannot in his resolutions tarry,
 But dayly changeth, as reports doe vary.
 To day he heares he must be for the King,
 The winde to morrow, other news doth bring:
 For Essex prospers, which doth so divide
 His Neuters thoughts, he doubts on either side:
 From whence this Neuter doth resolve, in fine,
 That he will unto neither side incline;
 But will become a looker on, untill,
 He sees indeed, which side shall have their will.
 And this he reckons, is the safest way,
 Or then thinks he, who ever gets the day,
 Shall finde favour, doubtlesse, in their eyes,
 As one that hath been moderate, and wise.
 As for Religion now, 'tis so contrould,
 And so in doubt, he knowes not what to hold:
 What to be zealous, in these times, therein,
 He counts meer folly, if not veniall sin.
 Whiles from the world, his Athesme to hide,
 He, in appearance, seems on either side;

With

With Cavaleers, is strongly for the King;
 VVith others, can protest another thing.
 Yea enter into Covenant, perchance
 To aide that side, he meanes not to advance.

From whence it comes, that in this time of need
 His purse, is with his purpose, so agreed,
 That of one crosse, this Neuter will not purge it
 But as constraint, or very shame shall urge it.

And what he parts with, goes so neere his heart
 As if each penny, were thereof a part;
 VVhich is apparant, when he comes to pay it,
 His sighes, and sordid language doth bewray it.

Thus this close Neuter, Athiest I suppose,
 Appeares, but would not what he is, disclose;
 But only, that way to avoide suspition,
 Doth seeme to fit himselfe to each condition.

But Lukewarme Neuters, thou that countst it fol
 To be Religious, or to seem too holy;
 Or Godlesse Athiest, thou who canst not loose,
 That prize Religion, having thine to choose.

Canst thou remaine now such a senselesse stone?
 Or soulelesse creature, a meere looker on:
 Now, whiles the Kingdome, in such flames doth fry
 Has't not one drop of water to supplie?
 Now when our Sovereaigne, doth in bondage live,
 VVilt not one penny, for his freedome give.
 Now whiles Religion, lying at the stake,
 Begging assistance, doth so deeply shake,
 Hast neither hand to helpe, nor tongue to crave,
 Nor heart to pittie, what thou canst not save?

Sure thou art sordid, more then senselesse farr,
 And worse by much, then most Malignants are;
 They can pretend Religion for excuse,
 Thou canst say nothing, for thy foule abuse;
 But void of all Religion, all may see,
 Thou else to one side, woulst adhering bee.

And wheras through thy irreligious wit,
 Thou hopst, hereafter much applause to git;

Or finde much favour, at the least, tis plaine
That these thy hopes, shall prove at last but vaine,
For sith thou wilt, to neither side incline,
Tis just, that both should spew thee out in fine,

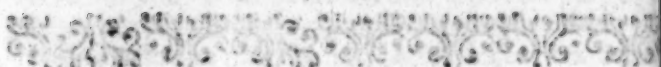


I Have a second part
Lyes glowing at my heart,
which quickly would increase
To flames, might we have peace.
But such a peace, it then must be
wherein we farther blisse may see;
Or else those sparkes must doubtlesse die,
which raked up in these ashes lie.

FINIS.



Or should much favour at the least be plain
 That these thy hopes shall prove as I did mine,
 For thou wilt, to neither side incline,
 Be just; that both should show thee out in line.



I have a second part
 I yet glorying at my heart,
 Which quick would answer
 To answer might we have here
 But such a peace as thou wilt be
 It is our first the life may be
 Or else those parts we doubtless see
 Which wish up in these other be.

FINIS.



